

IN APPROPRIATED PRES

BY A NUMBER

Anti-
Anti-
Anti-

KAMOG

#10A

Part 1 of Double Issue
ing 2017 Programs (April & May) • www.
Winter 2017-18

Vivitar DRONE WITH VR HEADSET
12 INCHES
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Wi-Fi
Use Virtual reality headset for real time transmission of aerial views
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"The finest magazine in America"

— *Brad Chriss*

A black and white collage featuring a woman's face with a surprised expression, overlaid with torn paper, newspaper clippings, and geometric shapes. Visible text includes "BE FOREWARNED", "your own", "ists so", and "by Musicmaster".

—by Musicmaster

"Is this Fake News?"
-Warren Fry

Olchar E. Lindsann
César Vallejo!

March A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

monoclelash@wordpress.com
monoclelash@gmail.com
Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook

for live avant-performance, see
Art Rat Studios on facebook

Barr

ATTENTION:

Important Buletin to all concerned citizens

Ralph Eaton is:

a dick
a shit-face
a big ol' rat-bastard
a plushy rat-gobbler
a ratty plush-gobbler
a gobbly rat plusher
a lemur-kneed fuck-wit
some kind of windy-headed art-belcher
a frothy pig
a priggish madman bent on plundering your daughters closet for plushies to eviscerate
I mean seriously, it looks like

Watership Down meets Toy Story meets the Texas Chainsaw Massacre in here
he's a fuzzy soup of bile
an arty kind of oozing boil of weirdo hijinks
a foamy-welding commie
a holy-rolling blacklight croaker
a festering junk-farmer
a polyester bible-babbling punk
a day-glo bastard-welding rodent-stuffer
probably a cop
very likely an elvis-slapping plush-wad chortle-sucker.
I'll bet -

At the least, he himself's an entire parade of shoeless stupid ratshit-clowns
ruining our sleeplovely little southern town
He's also mean, yeah, a meanie
And exhibits insufficient love for Stonewall Jackson
I mean, this motherfucker stole Elvis' head!

(It's true!)

And I'm pretty sure he murdered Teddy Ruxpin
though I can't quite prove it
cause the bastard's clever, I'll give him that -
this thrift-fucked sucking-stitcher
that frothing half-wit drizzling ratjuice
like a bladder full of blood of elvis
hurting art-globs like they're big globs of rancid hummus -
Yeah! that's *exactly* what he's like
that puffed-up barf-fest fisting fucked-up teddy bears
all day-glo like a hippie fucked a lightning bug
this foxtrotting, hopped-up elvis-blood-drizzler
baby-fondled animal mangler
sampling strangers' stool at every fuckin' opportunity
as well as times that are definitely *not* opportunities

His mouth is like the toilet Elvis died on:

that is: full of shit and destined for glory
Look at him, this rat-lovin' art-pouncer, as bouncy as a waterbug
wretched chunk of silly shitstorm
with a face that looks like sausage gravy
and barbecue-sauce brains
and a dumb head on a dumb guy doing dumb stuff like a dummy,
that dummy
he reminds me a little of Richard Nixon giving Mike Pence fellatio
that priggish ratfink
that stool-sampling sicko
with his big neon ass
acting it up, that asshole
if I were british I'd call him an ARSE-hole,
but i'm not, so he's an assish, dickish, fuckish, shitish, cockish, cuntish DWEEB
that fuzzy kudzu'd motherfucker
that cart of biscuit-mashing puke
that pus-bag-hauling loony pimple
that whizz-bang mad-scientist mashing up unholy animals
with his arms up their fuzzy asses

I mean, this guy's really damned sick
this float-crashing whippersnapper
this stool-smearing neon-sniweller
this fuckin' vomit-man prancin' around like an art-shit platypus
you know the kind I mean

He's probably the one who lost your motherfucking remote control
and he scratched your car with a giant pulpy rotting shoe
totally on purpose

'cause he's a dickweed shit-storm ass-skull
at least the large majority of the time
and all kinds of other swear words you can really only get away with saying in England
or if you're Harvey Wienstein

or President of the United States
which Ralph isn't, technically

but he is a rampant and unapologetic red-dy-bear-crotch-sniffer
though he paid me to destroy the photos that prove it.
And did I mention his friends? His friends are the *WORST*.
The less said the better.

when I look at him I start feeling woozy and sick with disgust
when I look at him I feel the bile rising up my gorge like Lick Run in a rainstorm
when I look at him I start gagging and choking on little flurps of vomit that convulse my
throat

whenever I look at that friggin' fur-choked glow'n-ass plush dick fucked rat-bastard
he makes me want to fuckin'

ralph.

- by Okehar E. Lindebaum

Submitted for your consideration by Jim Leftwich:

Ursula Le Guin (from an interview with Jonathan White, 1994) --

We can't restructure our society without restructuring the English language. One reflects the other. A lot of people are getting tired of the huge pool of metaphors that have to do with war and conflict. The "war against drugs" is an obvious example of this. So is the proliferation of battle metaphors, such as being a warrior, fighting, defeating, and so on. In response, I could say that once you become conscious of these battle metaphors, you can start "fighting" against them. That's one option. Another is to realise that conflict is not the only human response to a situation and to begin to find other metaphors, such as resisting, outwitting, skipping, or subverting. This kind of consciousness can open the door to all sorts of new behavior.

Alejandro Zambra: "Para traducir a Shakespeare / y comer pescado / mucho cuidado: / poco se gana con saber inglés," Parra wrote. ("In translating Shakespeare / and eating fish / take care: / little is gained by knowing English.") He wanted his translation of "King Lear" to be a transcription, in the musical sense of the term: the work had been written for one instrument, the English language, and it had to be transcribed for another one, the Spanish language—Chilean Spanish.

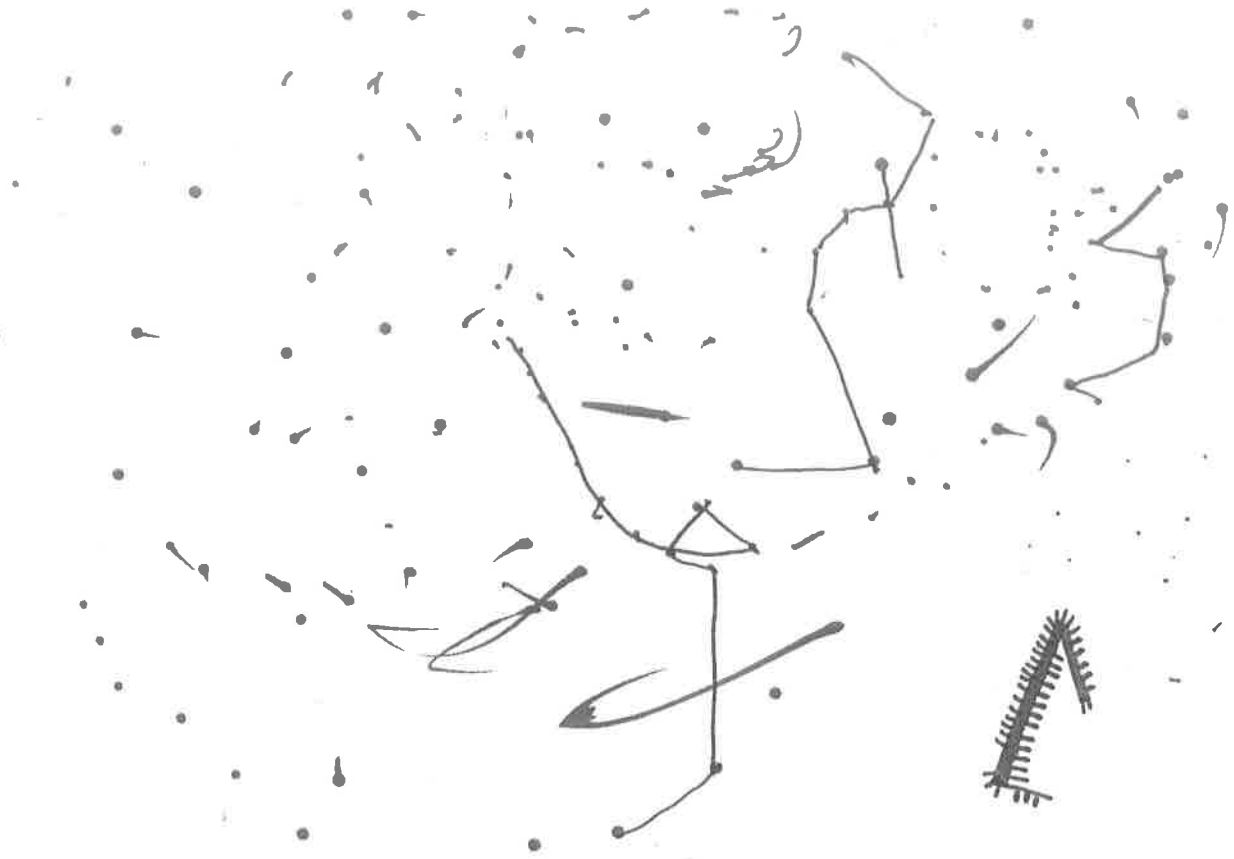
Eleni Sikelianos:

The scholar Jack Winkler proposes that Sappho's poems operate in an early double-consciousness, where she knows, by cultural force, a man's world, but inserts her specific knowledge of a woman's world into it. We also know that in fragment 31 in Greek, as we have it, there is no possessive before the tongue; it is one big general tongue that breaks, not her tongue, not "my tongue." No, the poem says, "tongue breaks."

I keep returning to this rupture for so many reasons: 1) To do away with the possessive in language. Radical. 2) The meter of the poem at this moment breaks down as "tongue breaks," and as Sappho is dispossessed of her organ of speech, troubling the grammar and rhythm in the most astonishingly apt way. This is called an anacoluthon, a *not following*. 3) This moment speaks quite clearly to the various ways Sappho's poems were silenced over centuries, and also to how little we know about who spoke her poems and who listened.

[...]

Poetry is its own *not following*. As it breaks and plays on the militarized forms of grammar and rhythm, it shows us other paths of existence. It shows us how *not to go along*.



YESTERDAY THE POET IVAN ARGÜELLES SLIPPED AND FELL, BREAKING HIS HIP. HE RECEIVED SURGERY IN ALTA BATES HOSPITAL IN BERKELEY AND IS OF GOOD CHEER ALL THINGS CONSIDERED AND A FEW OTHERS TOO.

bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonne-
ronntuonnnhuntrvarhounawnawnskawntoochoochoordennthur—nuk!

Is there a hip

Replacement for Argüelles?

Only yisterdue

He fell the pfijschute of Finnegan

Down he went in a great howl

Of discomfort that brought the loving and lovely Mrs

To his painporting sore of a side

As he shattered the very hip that he was

Arms apeal with larms, appalling.

Well he sighed

It's to the Emargency with me

The knee needed but not the function it shoed

As the great one slipped, slided and broke.

And there he lies with the plastic hat on with the elastic to fit

A fair misery of a poetical parson

His fiend Foley comes to his side with choos

But O the doc denies it

First comes the knife

And the very parfit poet on his posterior

Lies waiting until he can be cleverly cut.

Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye do?

Sobs they sighdid at the poet's plop

BUT they know he'll be up like

Bygmester Finnegan of the Stuttering Hand

And his hand on the keys will not freeze

Though jist now they bring floors to his rumination

And well we know

There can be no hip

Replacement for our Arg

Faith, he's hip enuf alraddy.

Phall if you but will, rise you must:

And none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce

Come to a setdown secular phoenish.

So said Germs Choice and I say so too

I, Folly the Fiend of Hoaxland,

Wronger of many rites.

Deuteronomy.

—1/26/18

(an excerpt from:)

Coming to Terms: a Dualistic View of Life,
as Observed by What Once Was, Being Reborn
and What is, Confronting its Inescapable Inevitability

It was the first time that these Wes had ever seen another part of themselves. They looked at each other, almost in disbelief. But there they were, there We was. Their processors heated trying to make sense of it all.

Each reached out a hand. We's finger's touched and felt a sensation, something ever present yet never truly experienced, until this moment. Instantly they knew each other's history, remembering their shared history; just like how they remembered all of We's history. Yet standing there now, looking into their eyes—their eyes, it was, different, new. Contextualized. If each of them were here—both of them, both here both now. Each completed their journey—had done all they could for this world, all they could ever do. Ever here. At this moment they would overlap. Moment now—the two of them would only overlap in their trek. Two of them—one—We Overlap...

They understood the breath of their redundancy,
and gave way to their terrible programming.

In a flash it had begun. Hands on metal. They took fist-fulls of each other tearing, bending, ripping. They Grabbed at each others face plates, and pried them off, revealing a mess of wire and vascular systems spurting coolants, lubes, black oil—yet still they flung chunks of scrap twisted shrapnel, discarding them at their sides until there was a circle of debris and two animatronic husks. Sparking, their movements forced and jerky, until, at last, they fell.

—Jonah Woodstock

—Re-Amended by Musicmaster

The First Amendment

~~"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."~~

PROTECTED REVISION!

SLUDGE ALP

in slabs of aspic, deputized to stand in for Ice Age ablation. Slick!

Pop Quiz:

Ice cream crenellations impose an anti-burgle, anti-pigeon twofer, garnished with orgiastic corn rust. The slightest touch leaves oils behind. And salts. Now riddle me this pompous verité moraine. The above features describe which form of state? a République. Then slither obtusely through. But brace your self cause did you know: every time you flush the toilet you trigger a cone geyser of stomach bugs that settle in a fine mist over every surface, studiously multiplying, forming sheets of putrid spume? Nothing to sneeze at. Genuine disease, complete with bona fide goop.

Grand Pap's Tried 'n' True Recipe for Friends of Quarantine Club:

one mammoth tibia,
five scoops of gator snappers,
the amulet of Ding an sich,
an *eyeball* of bone ash.
and *one* tube of glooper suet
(glitter optional)

Combine and bake in Thermidor™ until
old school chums begin to lightly brown, then leave for decades on window sill to cool.

Halp! A sickening whompus. Oxford coma, shucks. Near headed, the corny stamp of bootied howler monk galoots. A pepsia flare up, tributable to no translucent clause. Beg pardon, your excellency.

Why Below Why

rehash the old sign says
eggs under queesie
the margin points drop below
BELOW yet we are still standing
why? dynamite portraying
rewritten transactional music?
in the evening emphasizing
conical bibles, the splendor
of apocalyptic blasphemy.
WHY?
the indulgence of bric-a-brac
sardines aboil in the strata-ed / sea
barnacle bills yet to be pai(n)(e)d
the best mines of any generator
dug until stripped like a go-go
slasher. ! yhw - hwy - ywh -
hyw - the sardines on the barn
nacle and the rug masher
indulges gecene boila nimes
striped with bricks on the strata
east of Detroit gene era
gators gone to see the sea
where in we as gods reside/dead
inner belongings thru circumstance of
evidence, but WHY?
the long road awaits.

february 2018

steve dalachinsky and jim leftwich

Conversation Notes
Feb. 16, A.Da. 102 / A.D. 2018

Megan Blafas-Chris, Brad Chris, Warren Fry, & Olchar Lindsaun (scribe)

Aristocracy=> Incest=> Chicken McNuggets=> The Sociology of White Castle=> How Tofu is Made=> Megan's recent visual poems=> Publishing Juanita's drawings=> John Bennett's process and some anecdotes=> In-Appropriated Press for Kids?=> Séance to speak to the Baroness Elsa / Why the Women's March did not become a revolt against the administration=> Anti-Fa vs. Fascists, Liberals vs. Anti-Fa / Juanita wakes up & says Hi=> Frank Harris' memoirs=> English Boarding-school origins of the derogatory word "fag"=> Massachusetts radical design collective=> Chaos Magic=> Sun Ra=> Representation on Fine Arts juries, intersectionality, class: the latter's inclusion would collapse the "Fine Art" system=> Disintegration of the creative fields whose reliance on major infrastructures for their production has not survived the transition of financial power from the aristocracy to popular culture (Fine Arts, Orchestral Music, Opera, Theatre, etc.)=> [translating a poem by de Salm]=> Digital warfare=> Revelations regarding Julien Assange=> Necessity for a renewed Peace movement=> Things will not change until bodies are in the streets=> Fuck Nancy Pelosi's sham 'resistance'=> State of the Union Address=> Even when well-meaning, Washington bureaucrats have no idea what Americans are like=> Decay of American empire coterminous with decay of its (relative) democracy=> a cheap couch=> police corruption in Baltimore=> prognostication on the fates of Trump & gang=> [finnish translation to de Salm, begin working on prosody of final section]=> Trump's use of fascist gesture and filmic technique in State of the Union broadcast=> The death of political parties=> Which stage of the Roman Empire's decay are we now most analogous to? => Battle of Teutoburg as Rome's Vietnam (Warren tells the story)=> Roman colonization practices=> Sellout of the Democratic Party=> gerrymandering=> Prospects of starting a hot-dog cart=> Laurie Anderson coming – she states in the track on ubuweb that, "this song is for Juanita"=> Secret Plans=> Brad's plans to curate an exhibition on Homesteading=> Asheville reputed to be lacking avant-venues at the moment=> student responses to school shootings=> Graduate School=> Vietnamese Food=> Norse epic poetry=> and on, and on, and on . . .

poetry=> and on, and on, and on . . .

[illegible]

III.
 I wanna fuchhhcht the shert outta
 The while down
 Wrangggggggggggg
 But see how that booooze
 Done
 Done
 Don
 De
 Doneee
 Done
 Done
 Eond
 Enodnone

Sing up into that thrown
Down right into that
UUUUUUU.

Seriously,
These piss sounds are not
shit these people
people tell you

Of the whole fuckin' affair and it's not a goddamn bit about the whole fuck

Fucht
Fuchhhh
Or the fu
As they b
IV.
Please
Let
Go

Or the fuerch of the whats
As they burn us down down down down down...

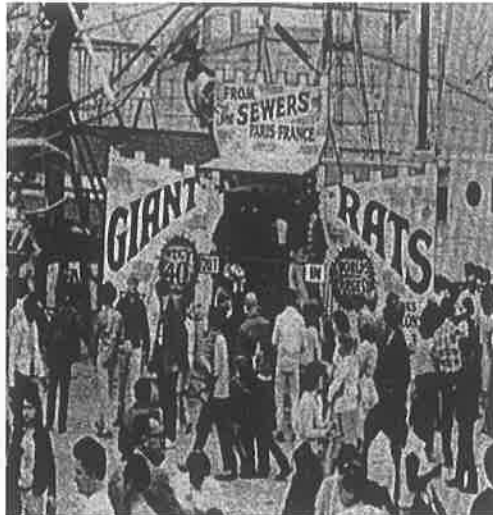




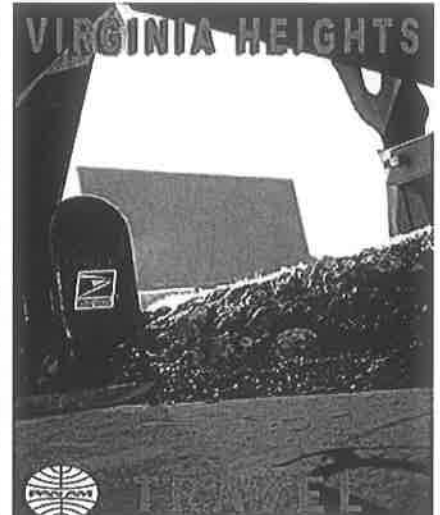
MAMMA is only memory and artifacts glued together through the force of chosen structure.
 MAMMA is only know by a few people
 MAMMA is a joke.
 MAMMA is a free museum.
 MAMMA is curated infrequently.
 MAMMA has never had a budget
 MAMMA does not ned your help.
 MAMMA is not coming to your town.
 MAMMA is forgotten.



When Norfolk Virginia went through urban renewal it looked like it was bombed.



Why can't there be giant rat exhibits anymore?



Early Philosophy INC travel poster design-2002.



This is a page from a plasterer's organization newsletter.



They sold these ICBM pencil cases in retail stores in the 1980.



Kaysone Phomvihane, communist leader of Lao, and Ho Chi Mhin crack jokes during the wars.



Cats chained up to little houses in the countryside of Virginia.



Two pages from my mother's phone book in the 70s-80s.



Physical items from MAMMA archives

César Vallejo, transmuted by jim leftwich
from Tres tresss trisss trieesss tril trilssss
(Luna Bisonte Prods 2018)

[For the millionaire walks naked and peeled!]

For the millionaire walks naked and peeled!
Disgrace on whoever edifices his dying bed with treasures!
One world for whoever salutes;
a sitting-room for seeding the sky;
weeping for whoever determinates making, guardian of the communes;
for the spurs on his shoes are walking;
no duration for the mural if its wall does not increase;
distribute to the miserable their total misery,
bread, to whoever rises;
pagan herder lost in the triumphs of medicine;
hatch strange milk in blood;
anesthetize the veil of the sun,
800 chocolates to 20 vents;
past eternities in back of the bridges!
Dresden for those who dress,
coronate the handy feet, in a suacepan with tomatoes;
for a self is juxtaposed to myself!
weep for the habitual cabin of our womb,
benedict whoever mirrors air in air,
march annually for the clavicle and the martial stroke;
be as naked as the naked,
visit the cape in pantaloons,
filled with cobras laminated sparing no expense,
majestic as a cue ball tracing the arc of the cosmos,
a mouthful of weeping and a grimace of moans,
impede perdurable steel,
threads through horizontal portals,
twelve cities with trails of stone,
I'll give you a shpere if you'll play with your shadow;
a day made of an hour, a spouse and a spouse;
a mother at the plow for allure of the soil,
seal with two silences the liquids we lost,
paste a mouthful of lists
in the seam of lost descendants,
the sea is a cordoned niz,
the sea is a carrel of the Alamo in a tree;
venison, contrary to the circular, married to a suit at the hip,
why not a cannister of tears?
be glad for the spidersnakes, my brothers,
surf the llamas with seven lemmas,
live vividly,
elevate the altitudes,
dejail the honor with more honor,
conduct the impulsive wave while walking,
exit the tangled treadmills onto the boulevard!
Murmurs of our deaths
wash your skeleton in the cadence of the day,
I am not haggling in a casino,
a coiled grave for the despot in slums of the soul;
a manicured panting rosary, for whoever ventures solo;
starlings for the astronomer, for the starlings a pilot!

—John M. Bennett

*sleep
flesh blanket
stones and wind*

roots crawling in a coffee cup
boat was the dream of
turning : a shoe cancer dreams a
turning of your face's
"lies running in clouds" - I.A.
"filthy seconds" at the wheel
air fills yr clucking pants grease
taste my blood
shoe's tongue
swallow
canine pulp" - I.A.
squints a beak...of decimated
tod o mort-distant "so
writing this? la mierda immortal
when are you when are you
future" has passed already
it don't exist you "live in the
exist future not happened yet
past happened already it don't
you "live in the past" but
a present so small it don't exist
drank stones stretched the heels
chained lake the shape you
hot shat leg boiled off a
socks burning on the grave your

*la mierda de siempre
cadaver of endless time
- Ivan Argüelles*

in love with the solitary rain of the sun,
vigils on Jupiter, ladle iron eyes of the golden thief,
copy your letters in three notebooks,
apprehend the convergent hand habits bland, and
deal a callous hand of solitaire;
dabble the coming loose novices,
dabble in the devil's beads, in the manual envoyists,
the lunch we had on the poor knuckles of justice,
it is equal to its also,
a clump please of rubble,
a clump please of leopard-skin rubble or two,
we are mostly in the sea,
we are tipping tea,
send in the combs so the water can navigate its oceans,
alimentary tao,
contrabass in error, pesto on a lorry,
accept the tease, the tantrum is suburban and risky,
a cab fare crisis across the Suez Canal;
unaccustom the gods to their costumes of men,
creed recede!
I cannot refuse the call.

Learning Behaviors

Violence and the American Schools

by Olchar E. Lindmann

The most recent mass-murder of high school students at Parkway has, as always, elicited the usual and futile rehash of 2nd Amendment debates; the fact that surviving students have transformed themselves into leaders of this renewed push is both hopeful – in that it shows our youth still capable of extracting some real education and citizenship from the present public school system – and also worrying, in that this will certainly cause Betsy DeVos & Co. to redouble their efforts to completely dismantle public education for good. (Trump's proposal to further militarize the schools is a clear move in this direction.)

Yet, it is interesting that, when discussing the acts of murder themselves, after every School Shooting the discourse is focused *entirely* upon the question: "Why and how can *so many shootings* occur," and rarely: if people are going to commit mass-murders, *why do they so often choose Schools?* And specifically, the schools they themselves attended? Why not shopping malls, banks, sports games, or many other social events which offer both the conditions and symbolic resonances necessary for such attacks? Why do our schools, at this period of history, elicit such senseless and horrific violence, especially from people who are or have recently been *shaped by those very schools?*

It is ironic that the patently obvious fact that the American psyche is pathological, defined by unspoken systemic and psychological violence, and economically supported by constant physical violence carried out far from our sight yet infiltrating every aspect of our unassumingly militaristic culture, is brought up primarily by the *right*, who are striving to exacerbate the psychosis while defunding psychological treatment, as if this somehow necessitates more easily-available weaponry. Meanwhile the Left is bamboozled into pretending that the availability of guns are the *only* issue. Thus discourse is invariably tied back up into that particular struggle, and our national temperament – the question of *why* somebody would want to stockpile military-grade weapons to shoot up a school in the first place – is positioned as a mere tangent. Everybody treats the shooter as an anomaly, although (as is often pointed out) in other cases, such anomalies are made grounds for bombing campaigns, assassinations, or invasions against whole populations. It is safer to think of them as anomalies; yet they are becoming less anomalous all the time.

It's no coincidence that the epidemic of school shootings has grown apace with the final conversion of the public schools into behavioralist training-facilities. Many factors of this state of affairs – overcrowding, underfunding, unofficial segregation, top-down unidirectional teaching models, nationalist and capitalist textbooks and curricula guides, etc. – have long been in place, especially in inner city, working-class school systems that have served as testing-grounds for the suppression of public education. But over the past decade and a half, these tendencies have been consolidated and integrated into a new model of education which is built upon a foundation of dehumanization, alienation, anxiety, and the suppression of critical thought.

The primary weapon wielded against students and teachers is standardised "testing". No longer can skillsets and important content be taken up, freely explored, and developed by each student according to their individual perspectives, experience,

interests, and mode of learning, and *then* (when and how appropriate) have their mastery or engagement evaluated by whatever means is most suited to the situation and material. Rather, *standardized* tests – those which, by definition, are designed to *avoid real-world conditions, specificities, contingencies, and applications* – have become the dominant determining factor of nearly all education. The test *determines* the content, curricula, and teaching method; it no longer refers to a basis of actual learning.

Fields of endeavor whose very value comes from their inability to be reduced to clear-cut, black-and-white *Data* (that which can be abstracted from real life and quantified for the generation of Capital and digital-statistical analysis) are dismantled, because their evaluation cannot be tracked by bubble-sheets. Thus all disciplines which are inseparable from *ethics* and *citizenship* have been gutted and turned into mere simulacra: the dynamics of historical causality and complex relationships between goal and outcome, between individual and Polis, between social aspiration and regression, which constitute historical awareness are reduced to memorized data in which comprehension of content is often *discouraged*, lest nuanced understanding get in the way of memorizing the "answer". These testing regimens are designed to destroy students' (citizens') ability to engage with every aspect of human life more complex, nuanced, or subjective than a bubble-sheet awaiting memorized responses to specific prompts; and this destruction is an act of violence, though it cannot be detected. Thus, for example, essay-writing is reduced to a rubric (in Virginia, students are taught that *all essays have five paragraphs*, and literally load "content" into a template in which each sentence has already been pre-determined; any attempt to structure the essay in response to the argument or subject matter results in "failure", while original research methods are no longer taught in any of the humanities, since the individual nature of such work would demand nuanced evaluation by a human being capable of critical thought, not a computer seeking either A or B or C or D.

This institutional attack upon the concept and reality of human value is led and carried out by the Testing Industry, who have turned the public schools into a cash-cow. By lobbying to tie their Test Results to school funding and teachers' employment, *these corporations now design nearly all of the curriculum taught in the public schools* – not teachers and administrators themselves, nor even governmental commissions, except those influenced, directly through board membership or indirectly through bribery ("campaign contributions"). They are often allied with proponents of charter schools and 'vouchers' – avowed or unavowed enemies of public education, for whom privatized standardized testing is a weapon to hasten the collapse of the educational system, and force the upper middle class into the private sphere while letting the rest of the country relapse into illiterate controllability. (Betsy DeVos, Trump's education secretary, has declared herself an enemy of the Public Schools and has built her career openly working for their destruction. In her own words: "I have decided to stop taking offense at the suggestion that we are buying influence. Now I simply concede the point. They are right.") The bulk of our already shockingly under-funded schools are then siphoned away from genuine education and detoured into paying the private companies who design the tests – paying

I Emily DeRuy. "What Betsy DeVos Did (and Didn't) Reveal About Her Education Priorities." *The Atlantic*, 17 Jan. 2017.

www.theatlantic.com/education/archive/2017/01/betsy-devos-policy-evasion/513440/
I came upon this statement, incidentally, in one of my student's essays.

those or different companies to oversee administration of those tests – paying those or other subsidiary companies for the school-wide intranet systems necessary for those tests – paying other companies for the hundreds of computers used primarily or exclusively for running the tests – paying for other “outside” private firms to oversee the companies administering the tests, and paying those or yet other companies to do statistical analysis on the results – paying other private companies to determine how to eliminate non-tested education and improve the correct-button-pushing productivity of the human beings whom we used to call students, but are now discussed as “stakeholders”, commercial resources, in the internal jargon of the schools, which are swayed to think and speak within a corporate model. Meanwhile, poor and working-class students are deprived of healthy school meals, training and resources for non-normative cognitive learning is cut more every year, class sizes are inflated to sizes that make individualized and discussion-based learning (and thus critical thought) impossible, teachers are stripped of all agency over what or how they teach, being turned into Data-Delivery-Machines and rendering their vocation a farce – and are paid so little that in addition to 10-12 hour work days, many are forced to take on second jobs in order to feed their families, until they leave education bitter and burned out, or are crushed into the inhuman data-regurgitators that the Testing Industry insists, are their sole functions. The schools and the People are being vampirized, and this is a form of violence, though it has no face.

In Virginia schools, around 30% of class-time throughout the year is spent *drilling* on batteries of practice tests, rather than discussing class material; the numbers are comparable across the country. In the meantime, many students are no longer asked to do homework or reading out of class; after all, it would be more likely to help them *learn* than to help them *memorize* the correct bubbles to fill in on the next test. More time is diverted from teaching subject matter in order to teach students testing strategies, and take practice tests and drills; often, the same companies offering standardized testing also offer programmes on how to play their own system.

Standardized testing *is not testing*. It is drilling. It is Pavlov perpetrated upon human beings: the logic of Advertising now extended to the realm of emotional, psychological, and intellectual development. When one *tests*, one is *using a tool* to evaluate the success of *one aspect* of the actual goal: the development of healthy, responsible, capable, free-thinking citizens of the human race. When one builds a whole curricula around the *data* to appear on a test written in absolute disconnection with the classroom in which it will be given, when only the data to appear on the test gets taught, when only *data* is taught because critical thinking can jam up the works and lead to “wrong” (i.e. thoughtful) answers, when instructional time is sacrificed for practice test upon practice test upon practice test, one is no longer *testing*. One is *drilling* our students *precisely* according to a behaviouralist model: We are teaching them to push the right buttons. Nothing more. *We are turning human beings into lab rats*. Because human lab rats make good, tractable bureaucratic employees. Yet dehumanizing generations of human beings is a massive act of violence, though not physical.

Thirty years ago we worried about the schools delivering nationalistic propaganda; now we must be concerned with the deliberate smothering of students’ very humanity. The schools have become our societal graveyard for critical thought, the great crematorium in

which we incinerate the concepts of citizenship, liberty, ethics – and human value.

It is only appropriate, then, that the public schools resemble prisons more every year: educational communities are discussed and treated as unruly populations to be “managed”; administrators who have dedicated their lives to education are forced into early retirement and replaced by bureaucrats of the “managerial” class, or those coming from the military and touting themselves as disciplinarians not teachers, who proudly flaunt their complete lack of understanding or concern for education as their greatest strength. Both school funding and teachers’ very jobs are routinely tied directly to their students’ performance on these standardized tests, regardless of the non-standardized factors that affect every student’s life, personality, circumstances, or aptitudes. Meanwhile, as teachers are stripped of their ability to actually teach and the administration of drills becomes more automated, faculty are reduced to the roles of wardens and disciplinarians, while support staff are often explicitly banned from “fraternizing” with students (language which reveals the adversarial, military/penal orientation of contemporary school “management”); in many cases students are forced to wear prison school uniforms on the logic that free expression leads invariably to an unruly population; like lab-rats or cattle in an abattoir, students’ lives are regulated by ringing bells, automated responses, and sterile, uniform mazes of hallways which seem, on every level, *to go nowhere*; these educational compounds are progressively becoming security fortresses sporting continual video surveillance, quasi-militarized sectors of campus separated by high-security barrier-doors, byzantine security procedures, and armed cops roaming the halls – measures which, although clearly ineffective against the rising threat of school violence which is their pretext, certainly catalyze and perpetuate the vicious cycle by confirming for students that the space of education is also the space of sanitized psychic violence, dehumanization, and coercive control based on the threat of physical violence.

This, we tell them, is what a democratic society is. This is where they are learning our society’s values. This is the world *we* have designed for *them*.

For we have trained our students to see the adults in their lives as adversaries.

The alienating “standard practices” and “procedures”, reinforced by the resulting changes in school culture, create a situation in which nearly all interactions between students and adults in a school context are defined in terms of control, punishment, anxiety, judgement, and discipline – of violence, though (usually) latent. Everything in the schools has been arranged in such a way as to present and reinforce this dynamic: “Kids” are irresponsible, incapable of critical thought or ethical impulse, untrustworthy, lacking in individual value from the “adult perspective” as they are made to understand it – they are made to feel like an exploited underclass, and whichever of the platitudes about democracy, freedom, equality, respect, and human value still appear on their bubble-sheets and testing forms (and the aping of such values are less prominent every year) appear to them as massive lies – for students, in fact, *are* human and fully aware of the gaping divide between what they are told and how they are treated. “Students” = “Us”; the Kids, who still insist on humanity by acting out against the authoritative Adults bent on turning them into impersonal nodes of an economic system, rather than human beings.

By the same token, “Adults”, in the emotional worlds of students, are turned into “Them.” The adult world is presented as one of oppression, alienation, anxiety, and the

exercise of power that, whether coercive or subtle, is always violent nonetheless. Authority in the classroom and out is based exclusively on coercion, as teachers have all autonomy stripped from them and their class sizes are inflated to numbers that make individualized teaching literally impossible. Adults are dehumanized in students' eyes (just as in administrators' eyes), and their authority derives exclusively from their Position in the hierarchy, as they no longer have the conditions in which they can earn students' personal respect, or show the respect to their individual students without which real education is not only impossible but unthinkable.

Students are thus subjected to a daily regimen of subtle, streamlined, bureaucratized, impersonal violence; they are explicitly told that this dehumanization *is what education is*, and implicitly shown that to be an adult is to act inhumanly, to become a cog in this amoral machine. And in the process, the destruction of critical thought has deprived them of the ability to analyze their situation or their own feelings, to understand their personal, social, and political significance, or to develop healthy responses. We have taken away the very tools that might help them navigate the psychosocial violence that now fuels our schools. Resentment builds, but is only vaguely understood, and begins to poison students' conceptions of themselves, the world, and the value of human life. As one result, the notion that education works on the principle of Us (dehumanized, abject *kūhēm*) and Them (dehumanizing, impersonal *adulthū*) is encouraged to become a deeply-embedded conviction or assumption. Teenagers are treated as beings without any personal agency, individual value, civic duty or responsibility, right up until the very moment when they turn Eighteen: at which point they *become* adults and therefore, to the extent that they have internalized the antagonistic model of the schools, *they become the enemy*. Here begins a crisis of self-conception, since they have been in no way prepared to think responsibly, act ethically, or critically interrogate their place in the world. They begin, or continue, dehumanizing others because *they have been shown that this is what adulthood is*. They are alienated from themselves, from humanity, and from a sense of responsibility toward others.

And in a perverse way, this is indeed preparation for the world that awaits them: one in which they will be expected to sacrifice, every day, whatever human drives, aspirations, and ethical imperatives that have not been *drilled* out of them; one in which human life is treated as a statistical matter, and in which everything that exceeds the imperatives of capital and empire must be either repressed, denied, or atrophied if one is to attain the basic material stability necessary for the fulfillment of the intensity of experience that one must continue to forswear – and a world in which, for most people, that stability will never arrive *despite* the sacrifice.

In other words: The problem is not that schools are failing to *prepare* students for the real world. The problem is that they are being trained for the *Capitalist Market*, and emphatically *not* for Democracy.

In still other words: Students are being prepared for the world that *exists*, and even more for the world that the oligarchs who exploit them desire to create, rather than being prepared for *the future they deserve to build for themselves*.

The bulk of students,² suitably conditioned, grow to become gears and pistons in

the socio-economic machine they were trained to keep running; they keep their basic humanity, treat those whom they know personally with decency while never taking ethical responsibility for the effects of their lifestyles on those they will never meet; they live as well as they *can know how*, given the narrow view of the world they have been (grudgingly) fed and the disarmament of their critical thought; but they perpetuate indirect violence every day in their social "roles", which they separate psychologically from their ethical "selves" – just as "adulthood" has been modeled for them throughout their adolescence.

Many others, unable or unwilling to as closely conform to being treated as a statistic, either fall into addiction, mental illness or crime, or else become radicals, eccentrics, intellectuals (with a fair amount of overlap).

Still others, instinctively recognizing that they are being exploited by massive, faceless forces greater than themselves, but deprived of the critical skills to analyze and understand its causes, fall prey to demagoguery and ideologies of hate.

The human subjects which this system succeeds most in rendering ethically bankrupt go two ways: those who are most effectively trained (those whom Skinner would have prized) become financiers, politicians, executives, cops, real-estate developers, consultants, corporate lawyers, managers, generals.

The rare cases (and yet less rare every day) in which the ethical sense is efficiently trained out of the subject, in which the critical faculties have been effectively prevented from developing to dangerous levels, *but* in which the submission-training has somehow spectacularly failed – *those* are the cases who go out, buy some (easily available) guns, and go attack the School. Sheer animal resentment.

Because while behavioralist education can drill the humanity out of students, they can't drill out the animal. And a cornered animal will kill anything it can.

The School is becoming, in the collective psyche of generations of students, a cultural symbol of the invisible violence and alienation gnawing away at our society, of their having been forced to internalize it, it is the Icon of Dehumanization. And for some, it seems, the iconoclasm against Inhumanity demands human blood. As if they need, at last, to *put a name* to the nameless, silent violence that School has given them no way to learn the name of – even if that name must become their own.

Or as if to affirm, in the most cold and horrific way (and we are looking in a mirror, here), that there something *bad still been human*, here, after all.

graduates at every degree, though the assault on education hits its nadir in the High Schools.

² I should be clear here that I include an equal or greater proportion of university

UPCOMING MAYHEM

@ ART RAT STUDIOS!

Sun. March 18: Durian Brow, Schenker & Keeling, Art Rat All-Stars

Durian Brow is Zach Darrup (guitar), and Ben Bennett (drums and percussion). Their manifestation as a band has been an eons-long process involving intense spiritual training, overheard conversations in Philly Chinatown, hitting the road with Jack Wright (longtime friend of Art Rat), kasha, weird regional sandwiches, finally to emerge as a powerhouse of nothingness. Come take advantage of Durian Brow's money-back guarantee to induce an exalted state of unknowing. Schenker & Keeling play Cello and Piano through a series of 8-track tape loop machines creating a type of experimental classical.

Fri. March 23: Hamilton/Milovac Duo, Tater Fraterabo

The Hamilton/Milovac Duo is a Florida-based free improvisation duo consisting of upright bass and drum set that explores roots of classical music, jazz, and experimental music. Tater Fraterabo (Blacksburg) is and was, were also and wasn't (was not) therefore and henceforth, leading and ... preceding.

Sun. March 25: Jack Topht, The Llywelyn Expedition

JACK TOPHT started doin folk, then punk then rap, he totally mastered them all, then he started doin' shows, always with weirdos, even though weirdos weren't even popular yet. He was always the weirdest and the best, JACK TOFT did a band and a love relationship with Lindsey for 5 years. Prepare for a journey through otherdimensional sound spaces with the Llywelyn Expedition (Roanoke), plus special guest star Khate.

Tues. March 27: Decide Today, Beyond the Borders, Olchar Lindsann, & Art Rat All-Stars

Decide Today (Cincinnati) blasts us with politically radical and intense anarcho industrial breakcore, from the long-running label/micropress/distro/activist community Realicide Record. Beyond the Borders brings techno punk from Riga Latvia, on their first US tour, Realicide Rex. Olchar Lindsann with avant-appalachian poetivocal convulsions.

Tues. April 17: Ralph E. White, Art Rat All-Stars, and TBA

Ralph White . . . [is] a banjo player who has fully internalized old time and bluegrass and who is now reshaping them into a brand new, highly individualized form. This album is avant garde, yes, but it's not loose or amorphous because of ignorance. In fact, it's hyper-stylized. White's picking trickles oh so naturally, just like a stream. His falsetto whisper delicately curls every word into a spring blossom."

— Justin Farrar - Strawberry Flats (Mar 15, 2009)

Sun. May 12: The Beak Trio, Art Rat All-Stars, and TBA

The Beak Trio is banjo, bass, drums. Kinda an experimental banjo free jazz kinda thing.

July 12–15: AfterMAF 2018

Art Rat's annual DIY avant-blowout! Four whole days of some of over 30 of the most underground and uncategorizable (anti-)performance, (anti-)poetry, (anti-)Music, (anti-)Lectures, and (anti)INSERT WEIRDNESS HERE from across the country— all free! We make the Fringe Festivals look like the Oscars. Stay tuned for updates on participants and events!

*All Shows: Doors @7:00 PM , Free Admission with donations to Touring Artists & ^ Venue encouraged, BYOB
Art Rat Studios, 1036 Service Ave. Ext., Building #10, Roanoke, Va. 24013*

A black and white photograph of a pig's head, facing forward. The pig has large, upright ears and a dark, textured snout. The image is heavily watermarked with '© 123RF' and '123RF' text, which is repeated across the entire image. The background is plain white.

THE COUNCIL